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SKETCHES

BY

NANNIE H. SAVAGE

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TO MY CHILDREN

MOTHER

PREFACE

WITHIN these writings are gleanings from, "The Arkansas Gazette"; "History of Arkansas," Hempstead; "History of Arkansas," Bourne and Benton; "Library of American Literature," Steadman and Hutchison; "Memorandum from Library of Congress"; and other sources.

I gathered along the way—these pearls and have strung them lovingly. May they throw out to those passing within their pure rays their fulness of beauty.

NANNIE H. SAVAGE.

MONTICELLO, ARKANSAS,
July 4, 1919.

CONTENTS

ARKANSAS — A PICTURE 1

OLD TRAILS AND ROADS 47

MY VISIT TO WASHINGTON CITY 59

ARKANSAS — A PICTURE

Colonial Period

DURING ages of the past the area of what is now Arkansas lay smiling in the golden sunshine of day or dreaming in the silvery softness of moonlight. In this witchery wild-flowers blended fragrance with the southern winds; graceful fawns gamboled about their dams; the mocking-bird sprinkled his royal notes from very joy; and wealth — lay sleeping in the arms of nature.

That a superior prehistoric race — the Mound Builders — lived here, we have evidence from mounds in the State containing artistic handicraft — pottery, ornaments and implements of war. In Lonoke County are mounds, some of which reach the height of seventy-five feet, whose flat tops and encircling embankments — ten feet in height — prove how purposely they were builded.

In this realm were found Indians who fished,

hunted and attended to the business of their wars. Their skillfully chipped arrowheads of various-colored flints are scattered over the surface of the State.

Since civilized man must ever go west, European explorers at different times and points touched the shores of the New World. One of these, a Spanish nobleman, Hernando De Soto, seeking gold and the famed fountain of youth, trailed up from Florida, then westward, discovered the Mississippi river, which he crossed, probably, at a point above the mouth of White river, near Helena, and landed "right over against the camp" on June 18, 1541.

Of the Mississippi the writer of the party, "A Gentleman of Elvas," records: "The river is almost half a league broad. If a man stood on the other side it could not be discerned whether he was a man or no. The river was of great depth and had a strong current. . . . There was great store of fish in it."

It is conceded that De Soto with his party reached the Hot Springs, since the above

writer mentions "a lake of very hot water, and somewhat brackish." He also notes of salt on the Ouachita banks: "They make it along the river, which when it ebbeth, leaveth it upon the upper part of the sand."

In 1673 — one hundred and thirty-two years later — a French Jesuit priest, Father Marquette, wishing to find into what water the Mississippi emptied, with a Frenchman, Joliet, floated from the upper Mississippi, which they had discovered, to the mouth of the White river, thence up the waters of the Arkansas river to the point where, later, was established Arkansas Post. This gentle Father brought to these Indians the message of the Cross, and so impressed were they, that ever afterwards they welcomed the Frenchmen.

In 1682, Robert Cavelier, Sieur de La Salle, with Henry de Tonti, his faithful lieutenant, Father Membré and twenty Frenchmen and Canadians, explored the Mississippi to its mouth, and on the 9th of April formally claimed this vast extent for France, and named it Louisiana in honor of his king, Louis XIV. While

on the return to Illinois, he granted De Tonti a large tract of land along the Arkansas river. La Salle, leaving De Tonti in command, proceeded to France to arrange for the settlement of this new country.

How sunny seemed the future!

In July, 1686, as "commandant of Louisiana," he sailed with colonists for a settlement at the mouth of the Mississippi and for trading stations along its length, but he was destined never to exercise his official power nor again to see this beautiful possession he had given France.

De Tonti, having heard that La Salle was returning, descended the Mississippi to its mouth to meet his beloved chieftain. After searching the coast for him in vain, De Tonti, on his way back to Illinois, sent ten from his party to build a fort on the land that La Salle had given him.

Thus, in 1686 — ninety years before the Declaration of Independence was written and eighty-three years before Daniel Boone boldly trailed into the wilds of Kentucky — was estab-

lished Arkansas Post: the first white settlement within the present bounds of Arkansas and the first within the vast extent of Louisiana.

Of this Post, built near the Indian town, Ot-so-cho-ne, De Tonti said: "My French companions — De Tonti was Italian — delighted with the beauty of the climate, asked my permission to settle there. . . . This little colony has since been so much increased and multiplied that it has become a resting place for the Frenchmen who travel in that direction."

A tourist's highway may, later, lead to this unique gem where shall be — De Tonti Park, with great gray boulders, from our mountains, portraying: The coming of Father Marquette; the deeds of De Tonti; the organization of the Territory here by Robert Crittenden; the establishment of *The Arkansas Gazette;* the arrival of Governor Miller, and General T. J. Churchill's heroic defense of this point during the Civil War.

After La Salle's murder on the bank of Trinity river, Texas, the remnant of his party, consisting of seven, Father Anastasius among

them, led by friendly Indians, finally reached the Arkansas river opposite the fort, in July 1687, and looking to the other side "saw a great cross and, near it, a house built after the French fashion." Shots were fired by two welcoming Frenchmen — the Indian chief of this village had fired before — who "were pleased to see such persons as might bring them news of that commander from whom they expected the performance of what he had promised them; but the account given them of M. de La Salle's unfortunate death was so affecting that it drew tears from them, and the dismal history of his troubles and disasters rendered them almost inconsolable."

How clearly we see them!

France, after the Seven Years War with England, to prevent England's wresting Louisiana from her, secretly conveyed this possession to her ally, Spain, by the Treaty of Paris in 1763. Later, the following letter from the king, bearing date April 21, 1764, was received at New Orleans by M. d'Abadie, governor of Louisiana:

"I address this letter to inform you that my intention is that on the receipt of this letter and the copies annexed, whether it reaches you through the officers of his Spanish Majesty, or directly by the French vessels charged with its delivery, you will resign into the hands of the Governor therefor, appointed by the King of Spain, the said country and colony and its dependencies, with the City and Island of New Orleans, in such state as they may be at the date of such cession, wishing that in future they belong to his Catholic Majesty, and administered by his governors and officers as belong to him, in full right and without exception."

This order broke d'Abadie's heart! M. Aubry, his successor, performed the duties of transfer, and our present Arkansas became Spanish estate.

Spain, during thirty-seven years of possession, made heroic attempts to advance this wilderness. One of her governors, Baron de Carondelet, conferred princely grants of land: June 11, 1793, " to Captain Don Joseph Valliere in the District of Arkansas, a tract of

land situated on the White river, extending from the rivers Norte Grande and Cibolos, to the source of the said White river, ten leagues in depth"; 1795, to Don Carlos de Villemont "two leagues of land front, by one league in depth lying on the right descending bank of the Mississippi at a place called the Island del Chicot, distant twenty-five leagues below the mouth of the Arkansas river"; June 20, 1797, to Baron de Bastrop "twelve leagues square or more than one million arpens" — one arpen is "about eighty-five hundredths of an acre" — "of land which lay eighty leagues above the mouth of the Ouachita adjoining on the part of the southwest the eastern shore of" that "river and Bayous Ouachita, Bartholmew and Siard." Only the small northern portion of this latter grant extended into Chicot County, Arkansas. De Bastrop ceded four hundred thousand acres from his land to Aaron Burr, and it was here along the Ouachita river that the latter proposed establishing a colony as the central point for his future movements. Baron de Carondelet, on June 27, 1797, further granted lands "a

million of arpens" to the Winter families and other families "to form a settlement in the post of Arkansas for the cultivation of flax, wheat and hemp."

No possession of note had been taken of these above wilderness lands amidst hostile Indians, so their grants, later, became invalid. Other Spanish grants, having been perfected, were approved by the United States, their titles continuing in force at the present time.

In 1800, through the Treaty of St. Ildefonso, Louisiana was secretly transferred again to France.

During the government of Louisiana by Spain, there had been trouble about the use of the Mississippi. In 1788, John Jay wrote: "Spain thinks it convenient to shut the Mississippi against us on one side, and Britain excludes us from the Saint Lawrence on the other; nor will either of them permit the other waters which are between them and us to become the means of mutual intercourse and traffic." On April 18, 1802, President Jefferson, who had become aware of this late transaction, wrote to

the United States Minister at Paris, Robert R. Livingston: "There is on the globe one single spot the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans, through which the produce of three-eighths of our territory must pass to market." On Oct. 16, 1802, the Spanish intendant, Don Morales, closed the port at New Orleans from the United States, giving no other in its stead.

How serious the crisis!

President Jefferson at once instructed Mr. Livingston to treat with France for New Orleans, and sent James Monroe, special envoy to assist him; but — Napoleon had planned a kingdom west of the beautiful Mississippi with New Orleans as the seat of government. The fleet, with troops and colonists, was ready to sail when, Napoleon having received dispatches that England was preparing for war, and fearing her prowess in the Gulf, said to his secretary, Marbois: "I renounce Louisiana. It is not only New Orleans I wish to cede, but the entire colony without reserve. . . . Open the subject this very day to Mr. Livingston."

Thus was achieved the greatest *coup d'état* of our national *life* and the cession of the greatest territory in history.

Of Louisiana, Napoleon said: "I am well acquainted with the value of what I abandon . . . with lively regret." Of the French in Louisiana: "May they cherish for us . . . sentiments of affection."

He must have felt these words!

Mr. Jefferson now suggested to Congress that "laws be enacted for the occupation and government of the acquired territory," and hastened for the official transfer.

On December 20, 1803, at New Orleans, and March 10, 1804, at St. Louis, as the Tri-colors of France was lowered the Stars and Stripes was raised to float in sovereignty over this fair extent, Louisiana.

The régime of the French in Arkansas is impressed by their beautiful names: Ouachita, Fourche la Fave, Poteau, Petit Jean, Des Arc, Maumelle.

Ante-Territorial Period

The United States in March 1804 divided Louisiana into the Territory of Orleans with New Orleans as capital, and the Territory of Louisiana with seat of government at St. Louis. The former division was admitted into the Union in 1812 as the State of Louisiana, when the latter division was organized into the Territory of Missouri, of which Arkansas formed one or more counties until 1819.

As early as June 1804 Major James B. Maney was stationed at Arkansas Post, having received it direct from the Spanish officer, Don Carlos de Villemont, as commandant. This stable government attracted into Arkansas Anglo-Saxons from east of the Mississippi river. After the War of 1812, many who had served as soldiers came to claim allotments given them by the government, and lands began to attain value.

The State and her greatest river were named for Indians that lived on the Mississippi river near the mouth of the Arkansas and in towns

along the lower borders of the latter river. They had once lived in the Ohio valley, whence they were driven out by more powerful tribes, who, in 1700, spoke of the Ohio as the river of the Akansa. Father Marquette first notes the name "Akansea," as he heard it. Other Frenchmen, later, wrote it Arkancas, Arkansas, Arkansea, Accanceas and Akansa.

The Arkansas river formed the dividing-line between the Osage Indians on the north and the Quapaws on the south.

The United States secured title to their lands in the following manner: Governor Meriwether Lewis, through Pierre Chouteau, made the first treaty with them November 10, 1808. This treaty was with the Osages and was confirmed by one hundred and ten chiefs of the "Big and Little Osages" and agreed to later, August 31, 1809, by fifteen "chiefs and warriors . . . residing on the river Arkansas, being a part of the Great Osage nation." Among these "chiefs and warriors," were "Handsome Hair," "Fine Day" and "Builder of Towns." This treaty transferred a vast tract of land, of which

14,830,432 acres were in the bounds of the future State of Arkansas. On September 25, 1818, forty-five of the "Great and Little Osage nation" ceded 7,392,000 acres — which had been reserved from the former treaty — lying "in Arkansas and west thereof" through Governor William Clark, and later, June 2, 1825, Governor Clark arranged further transfer from the Osages of "all lands lying within" the "territory of Arkansas." A negotiation was had, August 24, 1818, between Governor Clark and Auguste Chouteau, and the Quapaw chiefs — among them, "Eagle's Bill," "Dry Man," "Buck Wheat," "The Tame Buffalo" and "Approaching Summer." This granted all land south of the Arkansas river, save 1,500,000 acres, whose western border extended to "the Little Rock," which the Quapaws agreed never to sell without consent of the United States. This reservation, the last Indian possession in Arkansas Territory, was ceded on November 15, 1824, in a treaty perfected by Robert Crittenden with "Dry Man," the last Quapaw chief of full blood, and Saracen, a half Quapaw.

This aged chief, Saracen, who attained the age of ninety years, moved away with his tribe; but loving best "the land of my fathers," returned, with Governor Pope's kindest permission, to the reservation, "eighty acres of land to be laid off so as to include his improvements, where he now resides opposite Vaugine's" that had been given him in the treaty of 1824. He was esteemed for his nobility of character, and a window in the Roman Catholic church of Pine Bluff commemorates his life.

"THE INDIANS ARE COMING!!!

"We stop the press to announce the arrival, last evening, of Capt. Clark and Lieut. Ryan, of the U. S. Army from mouth of White river. They bring us the interesting news, that upwards of 500 of Fulsom's party of the Emigrating Choctaws arrived at the Post of Arkansas on Saturday last, on board the steamboat 'Reindeer,' and they presume there are by this time over 3,000 Choctaws at that place. They may be looked for here in a few days."

The above "from the files of *The Gazette*, of November 30, 1831," shows the emigration of

the Choctaws from Mississippi, across to their new home, "in the Red river section of the Choctaw country."

A second nation of emigrating Indians were the Cherokees. A few of them drifted across the Mississippi river from the Mussel Shoals and Chattanooga regions into the St. Francis river country, as early as 1790. Other Cherokees moved over and settled in what is now Crawford County prior to 1810. By a treaty July 8, 1817, between the United States and the Cherokees, east of the Mississippi and along the Arkansas river, this entire nation was settled in the Indian Territory.

The Cherokees were superior Indians: Dikkeh, the Just, is here pictured by the pen of "Mr. Washburn":

"His appearance was most venerable. His thin locks were of almost snowy whiteness. He could only walk as supported by men on either side, but his figure was erect and most majestic, his stature fully six feet, and his whole frame of symmetrical proportions. His age at that time was said to be one hundred and twenty

years, and his whole aspect went to confirm the report; and yet his vision and hearing were unimpaired. After giving me a most cordial and paternal, or rather patriarchal greeting, which almost inspired me with awe, he was placed in an armchair and supported with cushions, himself resting his head upon the top of his staff. I was forcibly reminded of the patriarch Jacob when blessing the sons of Joseph."

An orator of marvelous powers was Chil-kil-leh, who "secured the confirmation of a treaty of peace between the Osages and the Cherokees when Governor Miller and the military power of the United States had failed." The powerful chief of the Cherokees, Ta-ka-to-kuh of their ancient priesthood, was unyielding in his decision that "there should be perpetual war with the Osages." Chil-kil-leh presented the decision for peace from the twelve Cherokees to the council in such magic eloquence and appealing pathos, that Ta-ka-to-kuh cast his vote, while the sun was sinking into an opalescent bed, as one for peace.

Se-quo-yah, in 1826, invented an alphabet,

containing eighty-six characters of the Cherokee language which was "said to be the most perfect alphabet ever constructed in any language." He translated the New Testament into Cherokee.

As early as 1817, a military post, "two block houses and barracks," was located at an old French trading place, Belle Point, a high bluff overlooking the Arkansas and Poteau rivers. A year later, its name was changed to Fort Smith in honor of General Thomas A. Smith, commanding officer. This fort was rebuilt in 1838-42, of stone, and of its buildings the old vine-sheltered commissary is the last.

Of the famous men who knew this fort, with its stirring events of frontier days and its charming social circle, were: Stephen H. Long, Sam Houston, Albert Pike, Washington Irving and his hero, Captain Bonneville; Generals Zachary Taylor, Joseph E. Johnson, McClellan, Grant; Stanley, the great explorer, and Catlin, the celebrated painter.

Here romance came. While General Taylor was commanding, an attachment arose be-

tween Sarah, his daughter, and a young officer, Lieutenant Jefferson Davis — later president of the Southern Confederacy — which led to their marriage in Kentucky soon afterwards. General Taylor had not become reconciled to this marriage, but at Buena Vista, after seeing the fine heroism of Colonel Davis, at the head of his regiment, he, with heart overflowing with gratitude, embraced him and said: "My daughter was a better judge of men than I am."

Territorial Period

On March 2, 1819, Congress created the Territory of Arkansas, effective July 4. The next day, March 3, General James Miller of New Hampshire, the hero of Lundy's Lane, was appointed governor, and the gifted young Robert Crittenden of Kentucky secretary, by President Monroe.

Over the territory at this time was scattered a population of fourteen thousand, and there were two postoffices, Davidsonville and Arkansas Post, to which mail was brought monthly

along an old trail extending through from St. Louis to Monroe, Louisiana.

The first Legislature convened July 28, 1819, at Arkansas Post. It was composed of Robert Crittenden, secretary, who presided as lieutenant-governor, Governor Miller not having arrived, and the three judges of the Superior Court of the Territory. This session established circuit courts and organized the offices of auditor and treasurer.

The second Legislature passed the bill for the removal of the capital from Arkansas Post to Little Rock, effective June 1, 1821. This gave the capital a central position and a most healthful site, of picturesque beauty, overlooking the Arkansas river, for its future growth into a great commercial, railroad and social center.

Of this location, Judge Daniel T. Witter, from St. Louis, Missouri, who located in Little Rock in May, 1820, wrote: "During the summer"—1820—"Governor Miller, on his return from the Osage country, where he had been to hold a council with the Osages, accompanied by

Colonel McRae and Major Archer, both of the United States army, spent a day or two with us, and was highly pleased with our town site, and pronounced it the unquestionable seat of government, not only for the present territory, but for the future State."

The Arkansas Gazette, the first newspaper published in Arkansas and the only newspaper west of the Mississippi which has retained its name for a century, was established by William E. Woodruff, at Arkansas Post, November 20, 1819. Mr. Woodruff, born near Bellport, Suffolk County, New York, December 24, 1795, had journeyed down the Cumberland, Ohio and Mississippi rivers and arrived at the post on the last day of October, 1819 — with his printing press.

This famous paper has published the state, national and world events for one hundred years, and borne into the homes of Arkansas from its earliest issues, the best literature. Its columns have contained writings fresh from the pens of Byron, Scott and Tennyson, our own Longfellow and Whittier, and announce-

ments of new romances from Cooper, which immediately ran as serials in its pages.

May *The Arkansas Gazette* continue a chronicler of our State's achievements — into future centuries.

Along the rivers and trails during these early days was a second momentous passing over the western limits: a steady stream of settlers into Mexico. Stephen F. Austin, who, in 1820, in Little Rock, presided as judge over the summer term of the Circuit Court, planted in 1821, along the Brazos, on land that had been granted his father, Colonel Moses Austin of Potosi, Missouri, by the viceroy at the City of Mexico and confirmed to him by the succeeding government, the first Anglo-Saxon colony in that part of Old Mexico that later became the State of Texas.

Military roads were begun in 1826. The first, from Memphis to Little Rock, which in December 1827 was being traveled "the whole way," was continued through Fort Smith and Fort Towson connecting with New Orleans. This road and posts along the western border

gave protection from the fierce Indians. A second United States road led from St. Louis through Little Rock to Washington, in Hempstead County.

Wonderfully lucid is this portrayal of Hot Springs, from *The Gazette* files of August 7, 1827:

"We are indebted to the politeness of a friend who has recently visited them for the following description of the 'Hot Springs of Washuta': Among the various powers of the master hand of Nature that have claimed the attention of the learned or arrested the eye of the naturalist, this singular phenomenon deserves to hold a conspicuous station, whether regarded in a philosophical, mineralogical or medicinal point of view. It seems to have been formed in her most sportive mood, and in its kind is a perfect *lusus natura*, affording an extended field for ingenious theory and scientific speculation. This great natural curiosity is situated in the new Arkansas Territory, in lat. 34 deg., 30 min. and 27 sec. North, according to Maj. Long's observation, and about 60 miles S. W.

of town of Little Rock, the Territorial seat of Government. The salutary effect of the medicinal properties of the springs were long since known to the Spaniards, when the sovereignty of which Arkansas then formed a constituent part was subject to the Crown of Spain. At a period somewhat later, they were much frequented by the various Indian tribes . . . in cases of Chronic Rheumatism. The wars which almost always existed between these tribes, were said to have opposed no barrier to such excursions, for by a humane compact (worthy of the admiration and imitation of a more civilized race) invalids were permitted to pass and repass, to and from the Springs, without hindrance or molestation — such description of persons being easily recognized by the manner of wearing the hair, a manner common to all the tribes and conformed to by all candidates for the benefit of the bath. The Springs have been estimated to be 30 or 40 in number, and issue out of the side of a mountain about 300 feet in height. They fall gradually into a branch of cold water that runs at the back of

the mountain, which by this means becomes so much heated by the addition of spring water, as to present the very remarkable fact of a bold running spring of hot water. The temperature of the largest and hottest spring may be probably rated at 150 to 160 degrees Fahrenheit, and that of the smallest and coolest at about 120 or 130 degrees. The waters are chiefly beneficial in cases of Rheumatism, Enlargement of the Spleen, and Affections of the Liver. About three miles from Hot Springs, there is a most delightful chalybeate spring, very strongly impregnated and so profuse that it is capable of discharging at least 30 gallons water per minute. . . ."

In 1807, the first cabin was built at Hot Springs; by 1812 a few visitors came; in 1828 a family from Boston established a boarding house, and the following year many guests from different states arrived. The first bathing houses were built in 1830. Of those of the present time the Fordyce is one of the most palatial bathing houses in the world. By an Act of Congress in 1832, the four sections of

land containing the springs were held "from private ownership by purchase, settlement or pre-emption." Later, the Hot Springs mountain, where nestle these priceless springs, was created the Hot Springs Reservation. These waters, exhaustless from Nature's hand, are the goal of visitors from over the world today and stand in their proven worth — the Hot Springs of Arkansas.

The classic old State House at Little Rock bears this history: Through Ambrose H. Sevier, Congress in 1831 granted ten sections of land to assist in erecting a state house. Governor Pope soon realized from the sale of this land $31,722.26. Into this fund, later, "was turned" the sale value from an additional grant of one thousand acres, and private subscriptions were also added to it. Governor Pope himself selected the beautiful site, and arranged the plans with the architect who had designed the capitol of Kentucky, and the State House was begun in March 1833. The first State Legislature convened within its walls September 12, 1836; the stately trees on its grounds

were planted 1839-40; the majestic figures, Law, Mercy and Justice, were reared above the dome when the building was being slightly remodeled in 1885; the coat-of-arms from the Arkansas Centennial building, Philadelphia, was placed over the entrance, and the fountain from the Centennial erected on the grounds, in 1877. "Lady Baxter," resting so peacefully here amidst creeping vines, is an old Confederate gun.

Statehood

As early as 1831, Mr. Sevier was making efforts to have the Territory admitted as a State. In 1835, Governor Fulton "in his message" to the Legislature, suggested that a committee be called to form a constitution. This constitution, framed the following January, was presented before Congress by Mr. Sevier and in June 1836, Arkansas, with a population of 51,809, was admitted a State in the American Union.

When war was declared with Mexico, from Arkansas went "a full regiment of mounted

gun men — as noble and gallant a band as ever drew the sword or bore arms in defense of their country." Busy were the scenes along the "old Southwest Trail," as this regiment gathered in rendezvous at Washington. Archibald Yell left Congress to come home and enter the regiment, enlisting as a private, but was chosen colonel of the regiment. In the battle of Buena Vista, February 23, 1847, during a charge by Mexican lancers, Colonel Yell and other heroes from Arkansas gave their lives.

Of succeeding conflicts:

During the Civil War, soldiers from Arkansas defended her own limits and fought on all the battlefields: Manassas to Lee's surrender at Appomattox; Corinth, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge and all battles of Johnson's army to his surrender in North Carolina; and at the siege of Vicksburg.

One of the greatest generals of the entire Confederacy was Patrick Ronayne Cleburne, of Helena. Entering the Helena "Yell Rifles" as private he was promoted to be captain of this company, and rapidly advanced to the

rank of brigadier-general and major-general. He defended Ringgold Gap an entire day, allowing General Bragg's army to pass into safety, for which Spartan bravery he received thanks from the Confederate Congress. General Cleburne, "at the head of his men, waving his cap, cheering them on," fell in the hopeless battle of Franklin, Tennessee, November 30, 1864. His body was brought back to Helena, by the Ladies Memorial Association of that city, and a monument marks its sacred resting-place.

President McKinley's call for volunteers at the beginning of the Spanish-American war was received at Little Rock April 25, 1898. In thirty days the quota, two thousand soldiers forming two regiments, was ready for duty.

Of Arkansas' service in the recent World War, the following extracts from a summary by General Crowder, in *The Arkansas Gazette*, May 18, 1919, show:

"In the matter of volunteers during the period of the first draft, Arkansas led all southern states in that she was the only southern

state to exceed the national average ratio of enlistment credits to gross quota."

"Arkansas on June 5, 1917, registered 149,097 males between the ages of 21 and 30, inclusive, and was the fifth state in the Union to wire its complete returns to Washington."

"On October 31, 1918, Arkansas was credited with 65,311 men in the Federal service. Of these 11,699 were volunteers in the army, 4,025 volunteers in the navy, and 275 volunteers in Marine Corps."

How sustaining was Mother's face when her little boy of yesterday hastened with the Stars and Stripes overseas; how thoughtful was Father's. How precious the card: "Arrived safely," and his dispatched letters — how cheery!

Crowned with laurels, he comes home a hero — the greatest hero of time!

Camp Pike sprang into existence when our beloved country entered the World War and is now the demobilization point for eleven states.

Eberts Field, the first aviation field in Arkansas, was established at Lonoke in the Au-

tumn of 1918. Its champaign aviation field, with the unsurpassed atmospheric conditions of this State, is one of the best in the United States.

Fort Logan H. Roots was established during Governor Fishback's administration, on a tract of one thousand acres at historic Big Rock that citizens of Little Rock ceded the government in exchange for the Arsenal grounds in Little Rock, which became a public park for all future time. This famous post during the Spanish-American war, was the center of brisk military activities and has given vigilant service to points west of the Mississippi and south to the Mexican border line for a quarter of a century.

Camp Pike and Fort Logan H. Roots, for the entire period of the recent war, and Eberts Field, from its establishment, have won from the United States Public Health Service — highest health reports.

Railroad development in Arkansas was begun in 1854, by surveys of the: Memphis and Little Rock, Little Rock and Fort Smith, and St.

Louis, Iron Mountain and Southern lines. Of these, the Memphis and Little Rock road, built from Hopefield to Madison in 1858, and from Little Rock to De Vall's Bluff by 1861, was finished in 1868 — the first railroad in the State.

In 1903, a State good roads association was created, which has greatly forwarded advancement. Now, wonderful highways through the enchanting Ozarks and prairie stretches of nodding blossoms, by placid lakes where water lilies float, by shaded mossy banks with spilling silver — tinkling — tinkling into dimpling springs, and along our riversides, are being built throughout the State.

Of these highways, the Arkansas-Louisiana — the largest single highway undertaking in the United States — is now being built from Grady, where it connects with the gravel pike to Pine Bluff, down to McGehee, from which point two branches extend to the Louisiana line, one through Ashley County, the other through Chicot. A third branch passes from McGehee to Arkansas City.

This road, fourteen feet wide, with brown asphalted surface, costing approximately $3,500,000, extends for one hundred and fifty-three miles through its district of six hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of the finest alluvium in the world.

The official link of the Bankhead highway is now being constructed from Little Rock to Hot Springs, where it will connect with the Albert Pike highway to Denver, Colorado.

Altogether, seven thousand miles of highways are being built or have been provided for within this State.

The pride of Arkansas is her churches and her educational institutions — heralds of a country's worth.

Catholic priests faithfully attended the Frenchmen and Spaniards at Arkansas Post; with the coming of the Anglo-Saxon, the circuit rider entered; braving on horseback narrow trails for hundreds of miles, to meet and teach his people.

One of these saintly men, the Reverend John P. Carnahan, a Cumberland Presbyterian min-

ister, preached the first Protestant sermon in Arkansas, at Arkansas Post, in 1811. In October 1828, he organized the first Sabbath School in Washington County. Think how patiently he labored during all these intervening years!

A valiant missionary was the Reverend Cephas Washburn, who left New England October 1818, coming through the old Cherokee, Chickasaw and Choctaw nations east of the Mississippi river to Pope County, where he established the Dwight Mission among the Cherokees.

Mr. Washburn, having been "waited on" by a party of gentlemen, preached, on July 4, 1819, the first sermon ever pronounced in Little Rock.

Thus were established churches in the State!

The thoroughness of Arkansas' school system is sustained by most efficient educators, and the State University is unsurpassed in the South. Four agricultural colleges located at Monticello, Jonesboro, Russellville and Magnolia were opened in 1910 and the young people of the state are enthusiastically profiting

from the priceless scientific training they offer.

From these colleges radiates an impress that is bringing to Arkansas — with its luscious strawberries, rosy-cheeked Elbertas, great black apples, acres of swelling wheat, extending fields of rice, rivers stocked with fish, yards of pure-bred chickens, ranges of pedigreed hogs, vast stretches of grasses variegated by herds of blooded cattle, and its advancement, within the past six years, in the production of cotton from seventh to fifth place — great prosperity.

The advancement of Arkansas from her first territorial day has been promoted by men of rare ability and worth.

The brilliant Robert N. Crittenden, who, as lieutenant-governor at twenty-two years of age, organized the territorial government, was famed as a lawyer and an orator. As a young soldier he had won distinction in the War of 1812, and had fought gallantly at Lundy's Lane.

Of the noted Conway family, who came from Tennessee, Henry W. Conway, who had served

under General Jackson at New Orleans, represented the Territory in Congress with signal merit. James S. Conway was the great surveyor of those early days and the State's first Governor. A third brother, Elias N. Conway, rendered the State most efficient and valued service as auditor from 1835 to 1849, and later, as governor for eight years, advancing the building of levees and railroads and adjusting banking affairs.

Judge Benjamin Johnson, from Kentucky — one of five distinguished brothers — was the greatest jurist of Arkansas from 1821 to 1849. After the territory passed into statehood, he served as United States District Judge for the remainder of his life.

Two other noted statesmen were Ambrose H. Sevier — of the Tennessee Seviers, who came to the Territory in 1821 and served in Congress twenty consecutive years, and Chester A. Ashley from Massachusetts, who arrived in 1821, and soon became the most eminent lawyer, with a circuit the entire area of Arkansas. Of them Judge Witter wrote: "From 1844 to 1848

our State was represented in the Senate of the United States by Ambrose H. Sevier and Chester Ashley. The former, Mr. Sevier, occupying the high position of chairman of the committee on foreign relations, a position politically next to that of the president; and the latter, Mr. Ashley, the distinguished position of chairman of the judiciary committee of the Senate, and each considered equal to any duty or emergency that might devolve upon them."

Albert Pike, from Massachusetts, one of the most illustrious men of his time, came to Arkansas in 1833. He taught school near Van Buren; wrote for the *Advocate*, at Little Rock, and here mastered law; became the United States chief Indian attorney; urged railroad building; distinguished himself as captain in Colonel Yell's regiment in the Mexican war, and as brigadier-general in the Confederate service, commanding a brigade he had formed of Cherokee Indians. But he was greatest in the accomplishments of his kingly mind. His "Every Year," smites the chords of the heart with a master's hand. He composed several

books on Roman law and wrested from the pages of the ancients truths for his beloved Masonry, ranking at the time of his death in Washington City in 1891, the highest Mason in the world.

Augustus H. Garland, of the historic town of Washington in Hempstead County, which has given the State four supreme court judges, two governors and two United States senators, served his State as Governor, as United States Senator, and the United States from 1884 to 1888 as attorney-general — thus representing Arkansas in the President's Cabinet.

Judge U. M. Rose, a native of Kentucky, was, for over half a century, a famous lawyer and eloquent *litterateur* of Arkansas. He compiled "Rose's Digest" — an invaluable work to the State; attained distinction in 1901 as president of the American Bar Association; and brilliant world renown in 1907, as an American Commissioner to the Hague Peace Tribunal.

The natural wealth of the State consists of wonderful rivers and springs; various fertile

soils; noble forests of many kinds of trees; beds of copper, zinc, coal, bauxite, and slate; different marbles, inexhaustible in quantity; a diamond mine yielding beautiful gems for finest polish; and pearls, from beneath the crystal waters of the White river, many of them commanding the value of $10,000 each.

This wealth is challenged by the natural beauty of Arkansas.

Ascending Hot Springs mountain on a clear June morning, along winding trails that span ravines preserved in woody wildness, with their rims sheltering mosses and hanging ferns, and beds harboring rocks that have drifted down the steeps with passing years, we attain the glorious height above. Here, along the level, are rocks of various colorings, veinings and shapes, wonderful views into the waning far-off and the atmosphere pure and bracing.

Across the State, along the Mississippi river where flows the Arkansas in historic majesty and, the White river with its twinkling field of converging steel and silver in mid-December, is a different scene: Great bared sycamores,

with shining limbs towering above the dun shades of the forest; dark gaunt cypress trees, their canopies strung with brown trappings; clusters of polished green holly trees, and red berried shrubs along the water courses — all of which make the prospect as far into the wilds as can be seen, one of entrancing loveliness. The train stops: Getting off, a party of sportsmen equipped for the treat in store. They follow the clean little footpath that awaits them at the train steps, down the steep embankment, steadily on to the doors of half-hidden tents over in the edge of the woods. Getting on, are huntsmen going home, some with live trophies — beautiful creatures!

Still another: Over the mirroring depths of famous Lake Chicot, in dogwood blossom time, are thousands of water fowls: swimming, skimming, circling — an expanse of swaying whiteness.

It has been the pleasure of the State, to extend hospitality to many distinguished guests.

President Roosevelt, while traveling in the South, visited Little Rock by special invita-

tion October 25, 1905. At the Scottish Rite Consistory, where a luncheon was served in his honor, the late Judge U. M. Rose, one of the speakers, in a peerless address of welcome said in part: "The occasion that has brought us together is not one of unmeaning compliments and of merely ceremonial display. The great and enthusiastic multitudes that fill our streets, our parks and other public places, with their hearty greetings, your present assemblage, gentlemen, within this hall, the kindly words that have been spoken, will, we trust carry home to our honored guest the profound assurance that this homage is not paid exclusively to the President, but that it is no less a heartfelt tribute to the scholar, the writer, the soldier, the patriot and the statesman. . . ." Mr. Roosevelt responded felicitously, and afterwards recalled the genuineness of the welcomes given him on this occasion.

Mr. Roosevelt made a second visit to Arkansas, attending the State Fair at Hot Springs, October 10, 1910. "Down two lines of Spanish war veterans, who stood at review, passed the

colonel, bowing as he marched along. Simultaneously a cannon boomed the first shot of the twenty-one which followed, forming the presidential salute." After "Dixie" was sung, "while our veterans in gray stood waving their hats, the colonel couldn't keep from applauding." In passing under the Liberty Bell to the front of the speaker's stand, Mr. Roosevelt was showered with American Beauty roses.

In Little Rock have been entertained: Colonel David Crockett and General Sam Houston passing on their way to Texas; General Grant, President Harrison, President Taft, Admiral Winfield S. Schley; and, in 1910, the Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy.

In Hot Springs in 1918 assembled one of the most interesting conventions that ever met within the State: the War Service Biennial of the national body of women's clubs — so fittingly held on United States soil.

With formal ceremonies, it opened at the Eastman Hotel on the evening of April 30. After the welcoming address and response, a

brilliant pageant, symbolizing the United States and her Allies, preceded by the bugler from Camp Pike passed down the great hall to the reception which completed the evening's program.

The Reports of State Presidents at Oaklawn Auditorium, which was appropriately decorated with palmetto, festoons of gray moss, and the Stars and Stripes, showed the volume of work being accomplished by and through the clubs from sheer love of country: in doing more than was asked and in giving their beloved ones to the front.

At the Art and Music Conferences the intrinsic worth of these inspirations to our country was dwelt on.

In Home Economics Discussion were shown the nutritive value of foods, their combinations, and it was stated that the club women in conserving food were the greatest power for winning the war.

Child Welfare Work in Arkansas was commended, and in the review of clubs, Arkansas held the highest number of new clubs — forty-five.

During this convention there were exhibited at Oaklawn Auditorium reproductions from the canvases of old masters — rare studies; also an array of Arkansas pottery made at Benton, so exquisite in its winding streakings of nature's gray-blue, green, pink, yellow and brown tones that it rivals pottery fashioned in any age.

Art and literature were early inspired by the ennobling beauty of this State.

William Byrd, in the forties, made some rare canvases — treasures to those that possess them. The splendid portraits in the State House, of Honorable Henry W. Conway and Governors James S. Conway and Elias Conway, are from his brush. Others adorn the walls of homes in the State.

Edward Payson Washburn, a young native artist, caught the spirit of a merry, fun-loving recital, as he heard it, by Colonel Sandy Faulkner, and from it created his famous picture, "The Arkansaw Traveler."

Our gifted painters of the present time have won honors from art centers of the United States and Europe.

Able prose and beautiful poetry are being written by cultured men and women, and the libraries of Arkansas show a wealth of native literature.

George B. Rose of Little Rock, author of "Renaissance Masters," valued wherever art is loved, and Fay Hempstead of Little Rock, crowned "Poet Laureate of Free Masonry" in Chicago in 1908 — a distinction held by only two other poets, Robert Burns of "Scotia's realm" and Robert Morris of Kentucky — have attained international fame.

A very happy occasion was the presentation, through a special commission, appointed by Governor Brough — Arkansas' distinguished World War governor — in New York City, April 22, 1919, of a magnificent silver service from the State to the great battleship Arkansas. Accompanying this service, were a silver loving cup from the Arkansaw Travelers, and a silver trophy cup, the gift of the Daughters of the American Revolution.

In 1819, on the 27th of March, Mr. Thomas Nuttall of the Academy of Natural Sciences,

exploring the Arkansas river, wrote: "No village or town except Arkansas has yet been produced on the banks of the river." During 1819 the first camp was pitched among the pines where the city of Pine Bluff now stands, and in the autumn of 1819 a house, "partly built of cypress slabs," was erected "near the Point of Rocks just west of the Quapaw line." This point now commands the grand Union Station, the gate into the Great Southwest, and, high upon the crest of a noble hill, the State Capitol, with its polished beauty of Batesville marble — the glory of the Commonwealth.

Arkansas! with your illustrious past in its unique setting, your buoyant present with its glorious deeds, you have now attained one hundred years of organized existence, and enter a bright new century.

We love you, Arkansas — we love you, and on your queenly brow we place a wreath of Little Rock's own famed roses.

July 4, 1919.

OLD TRAILS AND ROADS

THE map of Arkansas shows her abundance of river ways — nature's trails which man always appropriates. These flowing into the Mississippi gave superior advantages toward the colonization of the lands they watered.

Hempstead County, which on December 15, 1918, attained the first centennial of the State, attracted her early pioneers, chiefly up the Red river — meandering in its wealth — on keel and flat boats.

The picturesque Ouachita river shared honors with Red river in settling this part of the Territory, Camden and Arkadelphia being early built on its banks and interesting towns have sprung up along the rippling Saline river and dreamy Bayou Bartholomew forwarding this attractive section — Southeast Arkansas.

Numerous pioneers ascended the broad bosom of the Arkansas river — with its boundaries of building wealth — founding Pine Bluff, Little

Rock, Morrilton, Dardanelle, Ozark, Van Buren and Fort Smith.

Along the White river — with its scenic banks and deep flowing waters — were settled Clarendon, De Vall's Bluff, Des Arc, Augusta, Newport and Batesville.

Families early planted homes on the inviting lands of the winding St. Francis.

Helena, about 1820, was confirmed on the Mississippi near the mouth of the St. Francis river, cabins having been there in 1800.

In 1819, when the Territory was organized, a road led from Arkansas Post to Little Rock, a second, from Benton to Hot Springs, and an old trail passed down from St. Louis through Arkansas Post to Monroe, Louisiana, thence to New Orleans, over which coursed the first mail line of the Territory. To this old trail attaches true dignity: it was the principal way traveled during all the years of the French and Spanish occupancy of Louisiana and it faithfully served our government in pioneer days.

These early ways were Indian trails. Two other Indian trails passed from Luna Landing:

one, up through Pine Bluff to Little Rock, the other westward to Camden and on through Washington to Fort Towson.

Another, an old Chickasaw trail, led from opposite the bluffs of Memphis northwestward to the White river, along which it coursed thence passed through Fayetteville to Fort Smith.

Trails! Trails! From all directions these guided to the healing fountains of Hot Springs. Along them in regular file tracked the aged Indians — can we not picture them, with thin locks, seamed faces and feet roughened by exposure to the winds and snows of winter, as they tottered to these waters that their pains might be assuaged? The Spanish cavaliers, even from Old Mexico, trailed to these warm springs, and the French of Louisiana knew the ways to them well.

Interesting are these records of military roads:

"*The Gazette*, Little Rock, Arkansas Ter.,
Tuesday, April 18, 1826.

"Little Rock and Memphis Road — The

Jackson, Tenn., Gazette of the 25th ult. contained the following paragraph: 'We understand that Lieut. Griffin has commenced operations in regard to making contracts for cutting out the road from Memphis to Little Rock.'"

"*The Gazette*, Little Rock, Arkansas Ter.,
Tuesday, Dec. 11, 1827.

"Such, we understand, is the situation for the new route that it can now be traveled by horsemen the whole distance; and there have been several instances within a few weeks past of wagons passing through from Memphis, one of which arrived here a few days ago."

We note this road was continued.

"*The Gazette*, Little Rock, Arkansas Ter.,
Tuesday, July 3, 1827.

"Lieut. James L. Dawson arrived here a few days ago . . . for the purpose of entering into contract for opening the U. S. Road from this place to Fort Smith."

"*The Gazette*, Little Rock, Arkansas Ter.,
Tuesday, Aug. 21, 1827.

"Lieut. Dawson, we understand, will immediately proceed to survey and mark the route

for the U. S. Road from Fort Smith on the Arkansas to Fort Towson on Red river. . . ."

Quoting further, from last above issue:

"An officer from Camp Jesup (Louisiana), we are informed, was sometime since engaged in surveying the route for the U. S. Road from Fort Towson via Washington to the northern boundary of Louisiana and thence to Natchitoches. . . . Length of above roads may be estimated as follows:

Memphis to Little Rock — 136 mi.
Little Rock to Fort Smith — 152 mi.
. . . . . .
Fort Smith to Fort Towson — 190 mi.
Fort Towson to Natchitoches — 320 mi."

Total length — 798 miles.

From 1829 to 1832, a military road that came from St. Louis was being built through the State, over the Southwest Indian trail, passing near Hix's Ferry on the Current river, Arkansas, across the White river near Batesville to Little Rock, thence continuing to Washington and to Red river at Fulton.

With military roads and regular mail service, the Territory now attracted settlers in numbers, principally from Tennessee, Kentucky, Virginia. Even from far away Massachusetts they came, and from our sister state, Missouri.

The immigration through Memphis into the Territory over the military road in December 1828, was so great that wagons at that ferry were detained for days, before being transferred.

Stage service was established over the military road between Memphis and Little Rock in May 1833. Imagine! the prancing horses that relieved the tired ones.

In 1807, was cut out from Cadron on the Arkansas river — the first road in Arkansas. It extended fifty miles eastward to the Wattensaw bayou.

Several pioneer families from West Tennessee, bringing with them their slaves, came down from Memphis on the steamer "Autocrat" to Gaines' Landing on the Mississippi river. From this point, they cut a way through heavy cane-

brakes and woods, moving, in a carryall and wagons, a short distance daily, until they reached a high point in Drew County, our present historic "Rough and Ready" hill — the first site of Monticello.

These two old wagon trails and similar trails over the State that were cut out by the settlers from river towns — some following trails made by horsemen dragging cowhides through the wilderness — often leading over streams and bayous on primitive ferryboats to the beckoning lands of the interior — are always contemplated with pride.

In this new realm the settler, near a spring, reared his castle. Here the mother crooned her baby into dreamland; the cat purred softly on its selected spot; the dog circled its master's domain in proprietary joy as the wild animals retreated into denser woods; and the gentle cow found juicy grasses to her liking.

Of our national routes is the old King's Highway, with its deep wide bed, of early Colonial days, between Mt. Vernon and Alexandria, traveled for so many years by Washington.

Another Colonial road is the Quakertown and Sellersville turnpike in Pennsylvania, to pass over which one still pays a toll. Along this way in Revolutionary days while the British occupied Philadelphia the Liberty Bell was hurried and hid in a church of Allentown.

Soon after the French and Indian war, many along the Atlantic began to think of homes beyond the Alleghanies. Three mountain trails lured them to their goal: The beautiful Cumberland Gap trail, leading into the blue grass area of Kentucky; a second, winding along the French Broad river into the valleys of East Tennessee, and "Braddock's Road" from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh.

The National Road — which Washington had suggested — was built in 1818 from Cumberland to the Ohio river at Wheeling, West Virginia, and continued later to Vandalia, Illinois. From this point two branches in 1840 reached Jefferson City, Missouri, one through St. Louis, the other through Alton. This great highway, with daily stage coaches for travelers and mail coaches going forward every hour,

ushered wonderful advancement into the broad valley of the Mississippi.

The Natchez Trace, a celebrated southern stage route, was laid out by General Andrew Jackson over an old Indian trail that led from the site of Nashville, Tennessee, to where Natchez, Mississippi, now is. Down this way passed soldiers to New Orleans in 1812.

The Erie Canal — an achievement completed by the State of New York in 1825 — gave a direct way into the West from the Middle and New England states and developed the rich country around the Great Lakes.

West of the Mississippi the Clarke and Lewis Expedition went up the Missouri and Jefferson rivers and trailed across the mountains to streams which they followed down to the Pacific ocean; and two years later, 1806, Lieutenant Zebulun Pike, ascending the Missouri and Osage rivers, and passing over trails, attained the Rocky Mountains and discovered the noble peak that perpetuates his name. From the latter party was dispatched Lieutenant James B. Wilkinson to explore the Arkansas

river. He, with others, descended in "two canoes made of skins" to lone Arkansas Post, noting along the upper waters buffaloes "in droves of tens of thousands," — which shows the Indians' care of game.

These coursings were the initial steps by the United States towards settling Louisiana, and gradually white-topped wagons threaded three ways into the alluring beyond: the Oregon trail, following the Missouri and Platte rivers into Oregon at South Pass, and a trail extending from the site of Kansas City seven hundred miles to Santa Fé, where a third trail, the California, branched from it.

Emigrants hurrying overland to California after the discovery of gold, passed up the Missouri river, thence along the Oregon trail into a trail that led to California.

Our trails and our rivers carried the Anglo-Saxon, in one hundred years, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and here the blue smoke curled upward from his home.

The first white settlement in the trans-Missouri river country north of the Kaw river,

Fort Atkinson, was built in September, 1819, by United States soldiers who "in a small steamboat" had trailed up river.

Distinctive are the old cattle-trails of Texas and Oklahoma over which vast herds of cattle were carefully driven by the picturesque cowboys to St. Louis and Kansas City to market. Sometimes an entire season was required to make one trip.

An old road in Arizona which hugs the canyon walls used to connect by army teams two posts: Fort Reno in Tonto Basin with Fort McDowell on the Verde river — thirty miles away. Amidst the adobe ruins of the latter fort, hidden in chaparral still bubbles its artesian well.

Over the woody ways we find delight and instruction: "From out the depths of the forest" John Burroughs heard "the finest sound in nature — the song of the hermit-thrush . . . rising pure and serene as if a spirit from some remote height were slowly chanting a divine accompaniment." The geologist with hammer in his hand and dog running by his side, in-

tently tracks deep into the pathless wilds, that Nature will unveil to him her primary laws.

Our old trails and roads are almost anywhere, their banks often hidden by creeping vines and the swinging yellow jasmine with its cloying sweetness. We cherish them as golden links from our earliest days to those of the present time.

February 11, 1919.

MY VISIT TO WASHINGTON CITY

ONE morning last summer, I left home to visit our national capital and surrounding historic points — a pleasure long anticipated.

Passed this day through rich alluvial land bordering the Arkansas river — where the beautiful long-stapled cotton grows. Pine Bluff, the chief city of this section, is one of the first cotton markets in the South.

When crossing the bridge at Little Rock, a sunset of rare loveliness enchained me. The sun, a great orb of gold, its circle perfectly outlined, was suspended in siftings of silver, while low over the horizon stretched the faintest sea-shell tints. Below, the river, its Argenta bank rimmed with yellow sand dotted here and there with green water-grass, wound sleepily in its July bed. To the left and rear, forming a background, stood the Heights of Pulaski.

Early next morning, I journeyed through modern Missouri towns, noting their attractive streets.

In a short while, Jefferson Barracks came into view, with rolling grounds of soft green, and here our soldier-boys were grouped in the fresh air ready for a new day.

Arriving in St. Louis an hour late, I hastened in transferring into the Baltimore and Ohio train.

Spent a most interesting day in Illinois, Indiana, and Ohio — very similar, with great undulating landscapes of well-cultivated farms. The comfortable-looking farmhouses are often close together, showing the country to be thickly settled. All day were seen stacks of golden hay, wheat and oats; acres of corn of richest dark color; cowpeas, Irish potatoes, and tomatoes. The loveliest areas of clover in solid sheets of bloom — like gayly flowered carpets. Fine horses and cattle browsed in green pastures. Chickens, so many chickens! A beautiful collection ranged over an extensive apple orchard. In Indiana, boys were swimming and

frolicking in a large lake. I thought of "The Old Swimmin'-Hole." Noted the Wabash and White rivers. The latter — along whose foliaged bank paddled a single boatman in a little red craft — is the deepest river east of the Mississippi. One pier of a bridge over this river, with its channel of solid rock, rests on bed rock sixty-five feet beneath the surface of the water.

This afternoon, a quick downpour of rain! In a few minutes, the freshets were dashing and rippling, and the little green plots at stations, gorgeously decked with crimson geraniums, verbenas, and spotted petunias, were refreshed and more vivid in their loveliness.

Our train reached Cincinnati at sunset. The Ohio, immediately on the right and below, fed by springs in the adjacent high mountains, looked angry — even at this time. It was easy to imagine its mood during the spring season, from the numerous wrecks that were strown along its bank. Across, a height, with carefully cultivated plots on its side, rose sheer from the river's brim, while high upon the left

glimmered thousands of lights in the residential section of this city.

The next morning, while crashing through tunnels — there being twenty-four along this line — we were ascending the Alleghanies, the scenery of which over this route is famous!

The fog, far down, veiled the streams, with their water-smoothed rocks. I watched an hour without seeing its faintest movement. How cold the morning was! I shivered, and intently watched again. A slight breaking of fog, as it felt more and more the sun's vibrations.

At breakfast, I looked out over a deep gulch and saw, far ahead round the curve of the mountain, two engines — seemingly endowed with life — bravely and steadfastly conveying us to our destination.

Extremely interesting were the views of a West Virginia town, a coal center, where freighted cars stood awaiting shipment. Here the mountains are rich with coal, many of them perfect honeycombs from the great amount of mining being done. A number of residences of this picturesque little city nestle serenely on a

mountain-side, near the crest of which to the left stood a group of tall derricks.

At station Terra Alton a level of twenty miles begins, and on the summit is Altamont, two thousand seven hundred and twenty feet above the sea.

On this way, among the great sweeps of mountains with beautiful trees shading its winding driveways and sylvan nooks, was seen Deer Park Hotel — two hundred miles from Washington City. This hotel is owned by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and bears the distinction of having entertained President Cleveland during his honeymoon.

After the descent, seventeen miles of which fall at the rate of one hundred and seventeen feet each mile, we reached Piedmont, with an altitude of nine hundred and thirty-three feet, likewise the Potomac — our own Potomac — which tumbled and splashed over rocky ledges, about eighteen inches high, then rushed among the many rocks that line its bed, forming an expanse of silvery whirls that sparkled and tossed into the greater depths below.

At Harper's Ferry — wildly beautiful in its situation — the nearer bank of the Potomac shows weathered masonry of an old landing, while the opposite one ascends — a rocky steep with shrubs trailing from its side.

During this afternoon I was persistently conscious of the Potomac — "a thing of beauty" — as it wound near with brown cobblestones heaped along its sandy rim to waters' brink; then swept far away — only to come back again.

As the shadows were lengthening over the Virginia hills faces assumed expectancy and alertness. I was arriving in Washington City.

My first impressions from Pennsylvania Avenue were of whiteness and of spaciousness. The Capitol stood magnificent in size and noble in architecture in the softness of the evening hour.

How at home I felt! The very atmosphere seemed permeated with the spirit of welcome.

So many soldiers! Groups of officers in martial attire — those of the navy wearing white linen. French officers in their blue uniforms,

and a Canadian officer in the khaki of Canada. Our glorious young soldiers! looking straightly forward — so eager for service at the front.

Visiting the Capitol first, we entered the Rotunda — an imposing circular hall. Oil paintings, showing our historic events, are around its walls, and above, on the canopy, is painted the "Apotheosis of Washington," in which he presides in majesty, with Freedom and Victory at his sides, and aerial figures representing the Thirteen States floating near.

Fortunately, the Senate was in session that noon; so our guide conducted us into the Senate Chamber first, where we listened fifteen minutes to an interesting discussion of the draft age by Senators Kirby of Arkansas and Robinson of Wisconsin. This chamber is commanding in size, elegant in coloring and finish. Marble busts of Vice-Presidents adorn its galleries.

The National Statuary Hall is most impressive with statues in bronze or marble, contributed by the states, of their past illustrious citizens. Among these statues: General Washington in his military uniform; General Robert E.

Lee in the attire of the Confederacy; Judge U. M. Rose, once president of the American Bar Association, and envoy to the second Hague Peace Conference; and one woman — Frances Elizabeth Willard.

To this room, we yield our tender interest, since it was the old Hall of Representatives, in which were heard the pure eloquence of Daniel Webster, the gladiatorial shafts of John Quincy Adams, the magnetic flashes of Henry Clay, and the words of many others during that "age of oratory."

I greatly admired oil portraits in one of these corridors of Patrick Henry, Thomas Jefferson, Henry Clay and John C. Calhoun.

The Library of Congress, which we visited next, is often pronounced "the most beautiful building in the world" — its architecture, Italian Renaissance. Through its classic portal and great entrance hall of polished white, we passed up the stairway to the Visitors' Gallery. From this point, the Rotunda Reading Room is best seen. Its deep rich color effects, which are indescribably mellow and lovely —

a mingling of red, yellow and brown tones with old ivory above in the dome — are enhanced by the light through splendid stained glass windows. Upon the piers around this gallery are eight great statues — female figures — representing Art, History, Religion, Commerce, Poetry, Philosophy, Law, and Science.

Near the entrance to this library, is its Bronze Fountain — a perfect translation of classic fancy — with sea nymphs, sea horses, turtles, serpents, and frogs.

From amidst the thousands of exhibits in the National Museum, I listed an exquisite vase of dull silver, "Replica of the Bryant vase presented the poet on his eightieth birthday . . . its decorations symbolizing Bryant's treatment of nature"; a bronze cannon, "made in France in 1750, brought over by Lafayette in 1777, and used by allied French and Continental Forces in our Revolution"; and, the "original flag" that as it floated over Fort McHenry inspired Francis Scott Key to write "The Star Spangled Banner."

The Pan-American Union building repre-

sents good fellowship between twenty-one American republics, of which the United States is one. It has been said, the conception of this building originated with James G. Blaine.

On the exterior, high above, are figures — the eagle of North America, and the condor of South America.

Immediately within is a "patio" — very Latin-American it looks — with a sculptured fountain in the center, designed by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney (*neé* Gertrude Vanderbilt). Many tropical plants are around this "patio," one, a coffee tree, thickly leaved in beautiful fresh green.

In the Corridor of National Standards, are suspended the flags of these nations and a grand display they make! Emerson would say: "Not for nothing they hang here."

We were shown the Hall of the Americas — a very noble auditorium representing American talent — with information that it is considered the largest of its style in the United States.

Next, the Governing Board Room, where envoys from these republics assemble once a

month around a superb oval table — their "Round Table" — elegantly carved of mahogany from Dominica.

In the rear of this building is an "Aztec Garden," with deep pool fringed with swaying plants; presiding over it at its extreme limit, is a figure cast from the "Sad Indian."

The monument to the life of Washington is fascinating in its grandeur of height, its great strength, its sheer beauty. From its windows, the Capitol, the White House with its fountains and leafy lawns, and Arlington were wonderful to the view. When looking below, a pool seemed a cloudy emerald setting. I walked down and read the inscriptions.

En route to Arlington we passed the White House, beautiful and half-secluded by fine hedges — California Privet — which line its iron fence, and noble trees. An ideal home for our presidents. The French Legation came into view, its ensign above and carefully grown green hedges in front; and soon the wonderful National Zoological Park was before us through which we strolled, surveying our native animals

gathered from the different states. Here, in the pond were ducks and geese — the great gray honker, the California wavy, the cackling goose, mallard, pintail, teal and others, and high up on his perch an American eagle from Oklahoma — proudly stretched his royal wings. Farther on, our guide noted the old Chesapeake and Ohio Canal and that its first ground was broken by President John Quincy Adams, July 4, 1828. Its quaint little tow-boats are still in use.

As we drove along the shaded avenue at Arlington, the sacredness of these noble grounds, sweeping away from their plateau, was felt at once.

We were ushered into the former drawing-room of the Mansion, where we registered. In this room, General Robert E. Lee was married to the great-granddaughter of Martha Washington.

From this noted portico, copied after that of the Parthenon, the views are especially interesting to tourists. Around are groups of old magnolia trees — at top of one, a pure white

bud was bursting into fragrance — and shapely evergreen shrubs. To the front, are numerous ornamental trees, growing in the valley that dips immediately below. Over their symmetrical tops are seen the Potomac — a silvery course — along its side the old Canal. Completing this vista are hills that melt into the distance. From the side of this portico, the Washington Monument shows majestic, its lines were clear-cut against the gray heavens and through the drifting pearl of that somber afternoon.

The women of the South have recently erected here, through the United Daughters of the Confederacy, a monument to their cherished loved ones.

Beautiful Arlington!

When nearing Mt. Vernon by steamer, Washington's home, standing aloft, came into view, with its handsome grounds falling gracefully to the Potomac — the river Washington loved — which guards this shrine caressingly for all time.

Sacred feelings surged over me!

At the quay, we were met by two pretty little trails, leading up — one to the Tomb and the other to the Mansion.

The Tomb, of brick, is stately with vines — the Wistaria and English Ivy — forming a beautiful bower over its arched gateway. Within the front was a large wreath of leaves, its card inscribed:

"To the Soul of the American Nation.
WOODROW WILSON."

The prospect from the broad porch of this hallowed home is of arresting loveliness — hours could be spent in its contemplation.

Within the spacious hall, where scenes of other days floated before me, are three of Washington's swords, and the great iron key — seven inches long — of the Bastile, sent as a "trophy of the spoils of despotism" to Washington by Lafayette.

I also noted: Washington's room, his bed, a great chair that was his mother's, a picture of Sulgrave Manor — the home of the Washingtons in England, the old bibles of the fam-

ily; the room Lafayette occupied when visiting here, a chair from his birthplace — the Château de Chavagniac; and a most interesting old powderhorn used at Concord by "The Minute Men." In the kitchen, the huge fireplace with its hanging crane points loyally to the past.

In the rear of the Mansion is a vast lawn which was smooth green. On its sides are noble trees, ash, tulip-poplar and the delicately fragrant emerald-green spruce that Washington planted himself. When one of these trees was partially riven by a storm, two and a half tons of cement were used in restoring it.

In the Flower Garden on the right of this lawn are wonderful hedges of English box that were planted by Washington "before he went to the Revolution." I marveled at their great age, when the gardener—who was carefully washing the fine leaves of lemon bushes with soft cloths that he dipped into foamy water — further astonished me by adding: "In England, they live five and six hundred years"! These calicanthus shrubs were presented Washington by Thomas Jefferson from his own garden

at Monticello. Over the hedges were beds of radiant flowers — the blue larkspur among them — whose indescribable sweetness lingers with me still.

We returned that afternoon by electric train over a route rich in historical points of interest from our earliest days. Among them the site of the Indian village Assaomeck, where Captain John Smith treated with a Powhatan tribe of Indians in 1607; old Broad Creek Church — of the early settlement, Piscataway — which was built in 1694; and the old Yorktown road, over which Washington passed with his army going to Yorktown in 1781.

Stopping at Alexandria, the British metropolis in Colonial days, we went first to Christ Church, where Washington worshiped and where he served as vestryman. When entering its open portal, I glanced down the broad brick driveway and pictured the coaches and four with outriders that had passed over it. This is a quaint old English church, built in 1773. The high pulpit with sounding board, communion table and font standing in the chan-

cel, are preserved as in Washington's time. On the back of Washington's pew is a silver plate with his autograph engraved upon it; across the aisle is a pew with a similar plate bearing the autograph, "Robt. E. Lee." At each side of the pulpit is a memorial with Masonic emblem: one, inscribed to George Washington, the other, Robert Edward Lee. This church treasures many relics of early days. Among them: its first Bible, printed at Edinburgh, and its first collection plate, sent by the Queen of England. That only seventeen ministers have served here is this church's pride and their photographs were shown us.

Tradition states that Washington passed out after service one Sabbath morning — we were shown the exact spot on which he stood — discussing conditions of the King's rule, when he declared: "I will stand by my colonies!" This assertion resulted in our powerful American nation which is leading the world into freedom today.

Next in interest at Alexandria is the old Carlyle House, dating from 1752. Here, General

Braddock established headquarters before proceeding to Fort Duquesne.

After four days in Washington, I left at 9.30 P. M. for Chattanooga, arriving at dusk the following evening.

The next forenoon, had an interesting drive over Chickamauga Park. Troops of cavalry cantering by with battle-axes at sides, forcibly depicted the service to which they were soon going. Recruits, in great numbers, were arriving, ready for training. On these peaceful extents was fought one of the greatest battles of the Civil War. We were shown, by our guide, where the battle-lines had been drawn up for three days, extending two miles and a half, and trees that had been pierced by cannon balls.

That afternoon, I circled up Lookout Mountain glimpsing several cottages snugly ensconsed against its precipitant sides. On its level are pretty bungalows, and it is a pleasant home the entire year, since the atmosphere is so dry.

Over a well-beaten path through primeval

forest, I passed to the Balancing Rock — a wonder! Its equipoise, a marvel of nature's laws, its rasping brown surface, flecked with mossed green, portrays antiquity. Little children played around it lovingly. Far-off from side to side, were seen the locations of seven States. Far below spread in panorama the beautiful city of Chattanooga; the subtle Tennessee river writhing tortuously; the creeping train cleaving to Mother Earth, its coaches the size of domino blocks — all bathed in the soft golden haze of that passing afternoon.

I stood watching the cable-car — a mere speck at first — as it slowly ascended; and at one place, where its bed curves inwardly, it is entirely lost to sight. My descent was intensely interesting and novel from its sharp declivity and proximity to the rugged juts of ledges on either side.

Early next morning, I continued my journey, leaving Chattanooga for Memphis, and later, came from there to Greenville, passing through great black delta plantations of Mississippi, whose prospects were being sprinkled with new

whiteness. I noted thirty-nine fine mules frisking in one pasture, and near them, numerous lively little pigs.

Here, Nature is lavish with the game she offers and famous sport is had by hunting parties at certain seasons of the year.

The train stopped that noon on a bridge over a creek. Glancing down, I was astonished to see turtles of all sizes — the translucent water literally filled with them. Many were rising slowly, sidelong, by one front foot, suspending themselves at the surface to bask in the warm sunshine. I counted nine, of uniform size, sitting only a few inches above water on an old log with backs toward us. Finally it transpired to them that their serenity was being encroached upon. From their slight jostling movements, I surmise, they counseled together, then, without looking around, they plunged into the water, the one on the left going first, the others following in succession. I wonder if the left one were their leader!

Next midday, I crossed the Mississippi river — a drowsy monarch — always grand, always

awe-inspiring for Arkansas, my home. The once great floating-palaces of this river have passed with the trend of the times. Now, barge lines are being utilized to serve this spreading wealth from St. Louis to New Orleans. Across a wide shoal, two white birds with extremely long legs — a species of crane — stalked majestically down into the water, where they stood watching our boat with mild intent, merely turning their heads to keep us in view; and as far as I could see them, they stood thus — silent sentinels.

Washington City is the beautiful symbol of our national life to which we yearn for a closer communion; so this visit is the first pilgrimage of an American.

November 5, 1918.

THE END.

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